

A woman with a red headwrap, wearing a light-colored button-down shirt and shiny red pants, sits in a dark chair. She is holding a glass and looking upwards. The room has wood-paneled walls. Behind her is a large framed portrait of a man, a lamp with a white shade, a small framed picture, and a plant. The text 'KYSHONA LEGACY' is overlaid on the right side of the image.

KYSHONA
LEGACY



INTRODUCTION

BY ANDREA WILLIAMS

When we think of legacy, we think of honor. Of tribute and reverence for lives well-lived. Of the souls and shadows of heroes, their influence staining millennia to come. Legacy, in this way, is attributed only to the deceased, to those who've come and already gone.

But legacy isn't a dead thing. It's alive always, as long as make it so.

Legacy is about memory, you see. It's about how we remember. And who we remember.

Too often, though, we let others do the remembering.

It is said that the winners write the history books, books that guide our memories. These winners, these writers? They made the rules. Victory? It's on their terms.

So they tell us how we remember. They tell us who we remember.

They ain't worried about Grandma and her home remedies, the way she crushed turmeric with herbs from her garden to heal us from the inside out.

Neither do they care about the plot of land Great Granddaddy scrimped and

scraped to buy, how he stood firm in his deep brown skin when the men with their guns and their badges tried to claim the ground beneath his feet, made rich with his own sweat and blood.

If you ask them, legacy is a measure of conquest. It's of allegiance to a code—not of honor, but of power. Of individual success that supersedes collective triumph.

But what we know is this: A legacy isn't measured by society's awards and achievements. It's inherent in our living, its value determined by that which we choose to ascribe.

We know this, too: that we are temporary beings, here but for a moment and destined to depart. It is what we know when we know nothing else, when life confounds more than it comforts and the days between the first and last stretch wide like the glittering, angry sea.

And we know that the residue of a life is dense and durable, resistant to erasure. Even without assistance it persists, in the genetic and cultural threads that knit one generation to the next.



It's there when we mix up our own version of Grandmama's special cure. She's gone but she guides, steadying our hand as we add a bit of this, a touch of that. It's deep in the soil at Great Granddaddy's home, in the Black dirt that aunties and uncles and cousins have trod and sown, in the fertile land from which we all shall reap.

You can feel this legacy in Kyshona's *Legacy*, in the work she did to comb through her own family's past, lifting stories and memories and weaving them into something seamless, something that will last forever.

You can see it in the album's credits, in the way she opened doors and made space, welcoming Grandpa H.T. and the Church Elders, amplifying their voices.

You can hear it in her voice—breathtaking and melodic, vulnerable, but also haunting. For as much as she is celebrating and preserving, this music, these lyrics, are an explicit call to action. Legacy is alive and all around us, but we are the ones who must collect it. We are the ones who must protect it.

Kyshona says that every family has storytellers, because we are all

storytellers. So we must do the telling. With our words, with our songs, with our traditions passed from one kin to another.

But before we can tell, we must listen. To Grandmama and Great Granddaddy and their grands and great-grands, too. For some, those bodies are nameless, identities lost to time and the conquerors' errant pen.

Yet their spirits, their voices, their legacies remain.

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust, we begin where the ancestors end, their dreams buried deep in our chests... Their blood, our flesh.

It's so easy to forget and so easy to ignore. We see ourselves the genesis, think nothing of before. Yet in their stories is where we find our own.

So we remember.

What do we do with these lives, brief as they are, these blips on a line of never-ending time? What do we give and what do we take? What do we leave behind?

There is always something left, you see.

We remember.

**ALBUM PRODUCED BY
KYSHONA AND RACHAEL MOORE**

Recorded at Southern Grooves in Memphis, TN, USA

Engineered and mixed by Rachael Moore

Mastered by Kim Rosen, Knack Mastering

Photos of Kyshona by Anna Haas

Design by Becky Warren



I ELEPHANTS

Born from the earth
All pride, all worth
Hunted from birth
We watch, we learn
We run, we hurt
We walk the land
Truth buried deep inside
Leaving a trail behind
We run, we hurt

Our heads held high
Gentle and wild
Heavy with light
All grace, all fight for life and tribe
They cannot see
A shadow of majesty invisible clarity
Gentle and wild

Our skin is thick
But greed, still pricks
We strive, we live
With fear you grip
You pull, you kill
Oh say can you see
We're precious like ivory
You're trampling ebony
You take what we have and then you leave
Abandon our bodies, abandon our bodies
If we're gone then who will speak

We strive to live
You pull, you kill



by Kyshona and Shannon
LaBrie ©Armstrong
Legacy (BMI)/Moraine
Music Publishing (BMI)

Lead Vocals: Kyshona
Singers: Nickie Conley,
Maureen Murphy
Drums, Congas,
Percussion: Jamie Dick
Bass: Dave Smith
Electric and Acoustic
Guitar: Will Sexton
Drum Programming and
Synth: Rachael Moore

2 THE ECHO

No you can't see the house
through the trees
All around it the roots buried deep
I can still feel your
presence on this land
And the wind in the trees is
the touch of your hand

You are the song
I am the echo
Wherever I am
It's cause you dared to go
You dug the land
So I could grow
You are the song
I am the echo, I am the echo

All that's left of a life is a stone
No one knows all the
stories it holds
No one knows your name
but you made your mark
The blood that was shed still
beats strong in my heart

You are the song
And I am the echo

Wherever I am
It's cause you dared to go
You dug the land
So I could grow
You are the song
I am the echo, I am the echo

The words that you speak
(It's an echo, it's an echo)
Where you plant that seed
(It's an echo, it's an echo)
When you love real deep
(It's an echo, it's an echo)
What you gave to me (It's
an echo, it's an echo)

You are the song
And I am the echo
Wherever I am
It's cause you dared to go
You dug the land
So I could grow
You are the song
I am the echo, I am the echo
I am the echo, I am the echo

by Kyshona and Caroline Spence
©Armstrong Legacy (BMI)/Concord
Sounds/Tiny Shop Publishing c/o
Concord Music Publishing (ASCAP)

Lead Vocals: Kyshona
Singers: Nickie Conley, Maureen Murphy
Drums: Peewee Jackson
Percussion: Jamie Dick
Rain Stick: Kyshona
Bass: Dave Smith
Acoustic Guitar: Ellen Angelico
Electric Guitar: Will Sexton
Wurlitzer: Al Gamble



3 WAITIN' ON THE LAWD

On a South Carolina road
Over 100 acres and
the stories untold
If that soil could speak
Of all the joy, pain
and loss it's seen

From the riverbed to
the church yard
Tom toiled those
acres hard
Working night and day
with his two hands
He was building more
than houses on that land

Waiting on the Lawd
Waiting on the Lawd
Waiting on the Lawd
to show the way

Now what Sydney James
used those acres for
Was her sanctuary,
pharmacy and
grocery store
Working night and day
with her two hands
She was sowing a
legacy on that land

She was blessed
and highly favored
One hundred five
long years stubborn,
willing and able
She took her rest
from that land
Singing Precious Lord
please take my hand

Waiting on the Lawd
Waiting on the Lawd

Waiting on the Lawd
to show the way

Waiting on the Lawd
Waiting on the Lawd
Waiting on the Lawd
to show the way

The children have
grown and moved
away (hey ooo)
Each one way of
those that take and
take (hey ooo)
Some walk by sight some
walk by faith (hey ooo)
Some fight to forgive,
some give a little grace

When it's home that they
miss (that they miss)
They taste the bitter
sweet soil on their lips
They're all doing the
best that they can
To keep building the
legacy on that land

Waiting on the Lawd
Waiting on the Lawd
Waiting on the Lawd
to show the way

Waiting on the Lawd
Waiting on the Lawd
Waiting on the Lawd
to show the way

Waiting on the Lawd
to show the way



featuring Ruthie
Foster, Odessa
Settles and
Chris Pierce

by Kyshona and
Crys Matthews
©Armstrong
Legacy (BMI)/
Crys Matthews
(BMI)

Lead Vocals:
Kyshona
Singers:
Nickie Conley,
Maureen
Murphy
Percussion:
Kyshona, Jamie
Dick
Claps: Kyshona,
Jamie Dick,
Michelle
Conceison,
Rachael Moore
Bass: Dave
Smith
Electric Guitar:
Ellen Angelico
Harmonica:
Chris Pierce

4 WHISPERS IN THE WALLS

White beams standing tall
Shadows cast on the yard
The chain link has come undone
The dust settles with the sun
Don't look like much, but once,
It was something to someone

Cracked window, sunsets
In collected fragments
The flowers have lost their scent
But they refuse to relent
All to rust what once
Meant something to someone

Secrets lost to lock and key
Still feel the life and the legacy
Can't see the footprints
in the halls
They got a hold on me
I hear their whispers in the walls

Plaster carries
The weight of the buried
All the grieving and fighting
Loving and crying

Might change with the decades
We fade, but we never fade away

Secrets lost to lock and key
Still feel the life and the legacy
Can't see the footprints
in the halls
They got a hold on me
I hear their whispers in the walls

No distance no great forgiveness
The ones we have lost
are always within us

Secrets lost to lock and key
Still feel the life and the legacy
Can't see the footprints
in the halls
They got a hold on me
They got a hold on me
They got a hold on me
I hear their whispers in the walls

featuring Ellen Angelico

by Kyshona, ZG Smith and
Kathryn Rose Wood
©Armstrong Legacy (BMI)/
Classy Hound (BMI)

Lead Vocals: Kyshona
Singers: Nickie Conley,
Maureen Murphy
Drums: Peewee Jackson
Bass: Dave Smith
Electric and Acoustic
Guitar: Ellen Angelico
Electric Guitar: Will Sexton
Acoustic Guitar: Kyshona
B3: AL Gamble



5 ALMA REE

I still hear her humming
Lay your head here my child
Come and sit for awhile
No more tears will there be
Say these words here with me

Alma Ree got down and
she taught me to
Pray that night, pray that
night, pray that night
I still hear her humming
Don't let my anger rise
Lord let my steps be light
Keep my hands steady Lord
Let my tongue be no sword

Alma Ree got down
on her knees and
Prayed all night, prayed all
night, prayed all night
I still hear her humming
When her body was tired
Alma Ree closed her eyes
Kept the faith, finished the race
With a smile on her face

Alma Ree layed down
where she prayed and

featuring Nickie Conley

by Kyshona and Hannah
Miller ©Armstrong Legacy
(BMI)/Hannah Miller Music
(BMI)

Lead Vocals: Kyshona
Singers: Nickie Conley,
Maureen Murphy, Kelvin
Armstrong
Drums: Peewee Jackson
Percussion: Jamie Dick
Claps: Kyshona, Jamie
Dick, Rachael Moore
Bass: Dave Smith
Acoustic Guitar: Ellen
Angelico, Kyshona

Saw the light, saw the
light, saw the light
I still hear her humming

Don't let my anger rise
Lord let my steps be light
Keep my hands steady Lord
Let my tongue be no sword
Keep my hands steady Lord
Let my tongue be no sword

Let my tongue be
Let my tongue be
Let my tongue be
Let my tongue be
Let my tongue be
Let my tongue be
Let my tongue be
Let my tongue be
Let my tongue be
Let my tongue be
Let my tongue be
Let my tongue be



**6 INTERLUDE:
GRANDPA H.T.
AND THE
CHURCH ELDERS**



7 HEAVEN IS A BEAUTIFUL PLACE

Heaven is a beautiful place, I know
Heaven is a beautiful place, I know
If you wanna get to heaven on time
You've got to plumb the line
Heaven is a beautiful place, place I know

Oh when I get to heaven
I'm gonna walk the streets like I can
I'm gonna buckle my sword right by my side
Stick it in the golden sand
I'm gonna shout out my troubles are over
I done made it to the promised land
Yes I know that heaven is a beautiful place
I know

Heaven is a beautiful place, I know
Heaven is a beautiful place, I know
If you wanna get to heaven on time
You've got to plumb the line
Heaven is a beautiful place, place I know

Oh sometimes I like to be in company
Then again I like to be alone
Jesus is my captain and he's sitting on the throne
Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down
Almost level to the ground
But I know that heaven is a beautiful place
I know

Heaven is a beautiful place, I know
Heaven is a beautiful place, I know
If you wanna get to heaven on time
You've got to plumb the line
Heaven is a beautiful place, place I know

Oh I remember, Lord I remember
The day my daddy died
He said now, son, I'm gone away to leave you
With King Jesus by your side
So when I kneel down to pray
Oh the words I hear my father say

I hear him saying
Heaven is a beautiful place
I know

Heaven is a beautiful place, I know
Heaven is a beautiful place, I know
If you wanna get to heaven on time
You've got to plumb the line
Heaven is a beautiful place, place I know

featuring Maureen Murphy, Nickie Conley
written by Hawthorne "H.T." Armstrong
(Kyshona's grandfather)
©Armstrong Legacy (BMI)

Lead Vocals: Kyshona
Singers: Nickie Conley, Maureen Murphy, Kelvin Armstrong, Natasha Armstrong, Bettye Armstrong, Nolanie Armstrong, Kelvin Armstrong Jr., Kaylen Armstrong
Drums: Steve Potts
Percussion: Jamie Dick
Tambourine: Kyshona
Bass: Jackie Clark
Electric Guitar: Garry Goin
Acoustic Guitar: Ellen Angelico

8 ALWAYS A DAUGHTER

You held my hand
Now I hold yours
An empty cup
To fill with tears
Shifting the tide
Upon the shore
A different view
With every year

Who are you to me
Show me who
I will be
We are like water
Always a daughter

You covered up
You kept it in
The truth came out
and it cut so deep
Here as I stand
My vow is this
The story's yours
and mine to keep
Who are you to me

Show me who
I will be
We are like water
Always a daughter

Who are you to me
Show me who
I will be
We are like water
Always a daughter

Who am I to you
I'm the living proof
We are like water
Always a daughter

Who am I to you
I'm the living proof
We are like water
Always a daughter

We are like water
Always a daughter

We are like water
Always a daughter

We are like water
Always a daughter

by Kyshona and Jess
Nolan ©Armstrong
Legacy (BMI)/Jess
Nolan Music (BMI)

Lead Vocals: Kyshona
Singers: Nickie Conley,
Maureen Murphy
Harmonium, Singing
Bowls: Rachael Moore
Cello: Larissa Maestro
Violin: Kristin Weber
String arrangement by
Larissa Maestro



9 INTERLUDE: FROM GRANDPA'S TAPES

Ludwig van Beethoven
(Public Domain)

Piano: Joshua David Davis
Singing Bowls: Rachael
Moore



10 WHAT'S IN A NAME

What's in a name
Beauty and pain
Power and joy
Love and shame

There is a meaning
That goes back
through time
From the lines
on her face
To the same
ones in mine

When you call
my name
May it bring you peace
May it make
them proud
May it let them see
That I've become
Their wildest dream
What's in a name
Everything

When they were
finally free
They had the
chance to be
Somebody
brand new
Some one they
could not see

They reached out
and claimed it
And they were finally
free, finally free
They had the
chance to be
Who they could
not see

When you call
my name
May it bring you peace
May it make
them proud

May it let them see
That i've become
Their wildest dream
What's in a name
Everything

May you remember
What's in a name

May you remember
When you say
my name
May you remember
When you say
my name
May you remember
When you say
my name



by Kyshona and
Aaron Lee Tasjan
©Armstrong Legacy (BMI)/
Big Deal Pub/Tasjan Music
(ASCAP)

Lead Vocals: Kyshona
Singers: Nickie Conley,
Maureen Murphy
Drums: Steve Potts
Percussion: Jamie Dick
Bass: Jackie Clark
Acoustic Guitar: Ellen
Angelico
Electric Guitar: Garry Goin
Horns: Marc Franklin, Kirk
Smothers, Art Edmaiston
Wurlitzer, B3: Al Gamble

II WHERE MY MIND GOES

Feeling broken
feeling empty
But that's the
thought I can't
entertain
Can't be weak now
Can't slow down

If I ain't moving
I ain't living
If I ain't living
then who am I

Everybody says
they understand
But they don't know
what I have inside
If it don't kill me I'll
keep pushing on

If I ain't moving
I ain't living
If I ain't living
then who am I

My body strains to
keep me standing
I ignore the signs and
keep demanding
My will pushes me
'til I'm falling down

If I ain't moving
I ain't living
If I ain't living
then who am I

It's where my
mind goes
When you're
telling me I just
can't carry on
Where my mind goes
You can't stop me, I'll
keep on moving on

It's where my
mind goes
Where my mind goes

As long as my
blood flows I'll
keep moving on

If I ain't moving
I ain't living
If I ain't living
then who am I
If I ain't moving
I ain't living
If I ain't living
then who am I
If I ain't moving
I ain't living
If I ain't living
then who am I
If I ain't moving
I ain't living
If I ain't living
then who am I



by Kyshona and Jamie
Lidell ©Armstrong
Legacy (BMI)/Corgi/
Kobalt (ASCAP)

Lead Vocals: Kyshona
Singers: Nickie Conley,
Maureen Murphy
Drums, Percussion: Jamie
Dick
Electric Guitar: Ellen
Angelico
Synth, Strings, Synth
Bass: Rachael Moore
Piano, Synth: Al Gamble

12 COMIN' OUT SWINGIN'

Take me paper or plastic
Charge it however you like it
If you think you know
the road I'm on
You know nothing about it

Had my heart filled with hope
And my chances shot down
With my back to the wall
There's no backing out

I ain't throwing that towel in
I things go wrong I still can't quit
If I have one less shot left to win
I'm placing that bet on me
I'm coming out I'm coming
out I'm coming out
I'm coming out swinging
Comin' out swinging
Comin' out swinging

Talk it then walk it
If you see it you'll be it
Yeah this hustle builds muscle
No, I won't be defeated

I learned how to get
by (how to get by)
With my faith and my pride
(faith and my pride)
Yes I'm in it to win it
I pour my heart in this life
Heart in this life

I ain't throwing that towel in
When things go wrong
I just can't quit
If I have one less shot left to win
I'm placing that bet on me
I'm coming out I'm coming
out I'm coming out
Comin' out swinging
I'm coming out swinging

I didn't come this far
only to come this far
I didn't come this far
only to come this far
I didn't come this far
only to come this far
I didn't come this far
only to come this far

I ain't throwing that towel in
Things go wrong I still won't quit
If I have one less shot left to win
I'm placing that bet on me

I ain't throwing that towel in
Things go wrong I still won't quit
If I have one less shot left to win
I'm placing that bet on me
I'm coming out I'm coming
out I'm coming out
Coming out swinging
Coming out swinging
I'm coming out swinging

featuring Kelvin Armstrong

by Kyshona and Kelvin Armstrong (Kyshona's
brother) ©Armstrong Legacy (BMI)

Lead Vocals: Kyshona
Singers: Nickie Conley, Maureen Murphy
Drums: Steve Potts
Percussion: Jamie Dick
Bass: Jackie Clark
Acoustic Guitar: Ellen Angelico
Electric Guitar: Garry Goin
B3: Al Gamble

13 CAROLINA

I can't separate the
wonder from the why
The dying tree I used to climb
still got blood on the vine
I went searching for redemption
Found what I was
missing in a song

I can't help but question
if we cut the ties
Am I better off without you
Or is my memory a lie
I've been searching for the magic
Might be where we started long ago
I don't know

But I'm headed south
Carolina take me home
I don't care what all went wrong
Take me in, take me in

Been on my own
Had a dream and had to go
Took me high it take me low
And brought me back to you
Back to you

Well if I could live without
you hell I would
Still taste the venom in your water
A little trouble would do some good
Are you searching for redemption
Do you pretend to listen anymore

Grew up south
Carolina take me home
I don't care what all went wrong
Take me in, take me in

Been on my own
Had a dream and had to go
Took me high it take me low
And brought me back to you
Back to you

Back to you (Carolina)

You still feel the same
Yet distant as a memory
Wish that I could stay
Your secrets keep me
running and running
There is pain in every rock
And hurt in every hill
Crow in every trill

Carolina take me home
I don't care what all went wrong
I still belong to you

Been on my own
Meet me halfway on this road
We got many miles to go
It all comes back to you

Grew up south
Carolina take me home
I don't care what all went wrong
Take me in, take me in

Been on my own
Had a dream and had to go
Took me high it take me low
And it got me back to you
Back to you

Back to you (Carolina)

featuring Keb' Mo'

by Kyshona and Brittney Spencer
©Armstrong Legacy (BMI)/Bspencer
Publishing (BMI)

Lead Vocals: Kyshona
Singers: Nickie Conley, Maureen Murphy
Drums: Steve Potts
Shaker: Jamie Dick
Tambourine: Keb' Mo', Jamie Dick
Bass: Jackie Clark
Electric Guitar: Keb' Mo'
Electric Guitar: Garry Goin
Keb' Mo' recorded by engineer Bobby Louden



14 WHERE I STARTED FROM

There's a certain melody that takes me to a place Like the jubilee choir singing amazing grace The voices ring in harmony resonate into space That's how I know I'm right here at home.

I feel the sun turning towards me I feel the ground underneath my feet When I have music and song I know I belong Going right back where I started from

The smell of backyard barbecue at the family reunion Kids playing tag and running all around It's like heaven on Earth there's no need to search

That's how I know I'm right here at home

I feel the sun turning towards me I feel the ground underneath my feet When I have music and song I know I belong Going right back where I started from


I feel the sun turning towards me I feel the ground underneath my feet When I have music and song I know I belong Going right back where I started from

I feel the sun turning towards me I feel the sun turning towards me I feel the sun turning towards me Going right back where I started from



by Kyshona and Kelvin Armstrong, ZG Smith, Ryan Madora
©Armstrong Legacy (BMI)/ Classy Hound (BMI)/Mad Ry Music (ASCAP)

Lead Vocals: Kyshona
Singers: Nickie Conley, Maureen Murphy
Drums: Steve Potts
Bass: Jackie Clark
Acoustic Guitar: Ellen Angelico
Electric Guitar: Garry Goin
Horns: Mark Franklin, Kirk Smothers, Art Edmaiston

A close-up portrait of a woman with a red headwrap and large gold earrings, looking thoughtfully to the side. The background is a warm, golden light from a window, with wood paneling and a patterned curtain visible.

15
INTERLUDE:
A WORD

St. Mark Baptist Church
(Ridgeway South Carolina)
Harmonium: Rachael Moore





16 COVERED

Hands over your eyes
Make believe it's night
There's a power in the
loop that plays
Inside your mind

And if your worst fear
Is all you ever hear
Maybe the truth is a
lie, in disguise

You don't have to compromise
Haven't you heard
You are covered

Feel you're running out of time
Don't be concerned
You are covered
by the ones you love

When we try to speak
We fall back into the repeat
Follow the lead of the friends
Who move your feet

Who take you higher
Tell you to dance with your desire
remind you the fire you
have isn't burning out

You don't have to compromise
Haven't you heard
You are covered

Feel you're running out of time
Don't be Concerned
You are covered
By the ones you love

Covered by the sun
Covered by the moon
Covered by the light inside you
Even when there's no proof

Covered by the wind
Coming in again
Just To tell you

You don't have to compromise
Haven't you heard
You are covered

Feel you're running out of time
Don't be consumed
You are covered
You are covered

by Kyshona and Jess Nolan
©Armstrong Legacy (BMI)/Jess Nolan
Music (BMI)

Lead Vocals: Kyshona
Singers: Nickie Conley, Maureen Murphy
Acoustic and Electric Guitar: Will Sexton
Cello: Larissa Maestro



THANK YOU

This album is dedicated to all who came before me, even the ones whose names we do not know yet. It is because of their sacrifices and perseverance that I am here today sharing our family's story.

I'm very grateful for my great Aunt Verna Byrd and my cousin Sarah Martin, who have been the family historians for my mother's and father's sides of the family throughout the years. Thank you to my cousins who have helped me piece together our memories from childhood. Thank you to the genealogists who have shown me the way to research the family line. They have shown me how much patience is needed for this work.

To Mom and Dad, thank you for supporting me throughout the years. At no point have you made me feel like my dreams are too big or impossible. You've never questioned the path that I'm on. You have only ever encouraged me and I know that is rare for many. I'm so grateful that God gave me you, the coolest and dopest people I know, as my parents.

To Nickie, my adopted sister, thank you for being on this journey with me. You have encouraged me to continue pushing through even when the grief has set in. You have reminded me that this story is bigger than us.



To Shannon, Heidi, Maureen and Ellen—y'all have carried so much more than just notes and harmonies these last few years. You allowed me to lean on you when I was too tired to stand on my own. You made sure there was always laughter when life was a little too heavy to hold. Thank you for being a safe place.

To Rachael, I'm still amazed by what we were able to accomplish with so little time. You let me see how possible it is to make a dream come true. The fact that you were there with me to witness the ancestors at work in the studio is something so very special. I will cherish our friendship always. You're stuck with me kid.

To Ruthie Foster, Keb'Mo, Odessa Settles, and Chris Pierce, thank you for saying yes to lending your voice and talents to this project. Each of you are part of my sonic upbringing so having you featured on this project is a dream come true.


To my co-writers, thank you for carving out the time to listen and help me process all of the big emotions into something tangible.

To my team, thank you for seeing me, for hearing me, and helping me through this entire legacy journey. Michelle, your enthusiasm to support me in my research and story gathering has been a real gift. Your desire to know my family stories and their names has shown me how deeply you care for this work and for that I thank you.

Nolanie, KJ, Kaylen—this album is for you. I hope one day you will listen back and hear the voices of your family and understand that you are never alone. You will always be covered.

xo, K



A close-up portrait of Kyshona, looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. Her hair is styled in a high bun. In the foreground, several large, faceted crystal chandelier drops are visible, partially obscuring her face and creating a dramatic, warm-toned lighting effect. The background is dark and out of focus.

Kyshona **LEGACY**

1. Elephants 2:52
2. The Echo 4:15
3. Waitin' On The Lawd 3:30
4. Whispers In The Walls 3:37
5. Alma Ree 4:40
6. *Interlude: Grandpa HT and The Elders* 0:38
7. Heaven Is A Beautiful Place 5:31
8. Always A Daughter 2:41
9. *Interlude: From Grandpa's Tapes* 0:58
10. What's In A Name 2:53
11. Where My Mind Goes 2:53
12. Comin' Out Swingin' 3:22
13. Carolina 3:55
14. Where I Started From 2:45
15. *Interlude: A Word* 0:46
16. Covered 4:44

Produced by Kyshona and Rachael Moore